

look for moon 3am and  
ret firemen  
extr h.on  
swollen poetry--me and it  
revolving  
still asleep delerium

like to employ even now the  
vast and x metaphor: he had a h.on for all of life  
for astronomy I don't know  
but the physical can contradict all figures  
pain rules

its life apart fm me

like marine suffused by slime of death  
is no John Wayne  
so I'm no Casanova or larger romantic  
strictly an accident of sleep and yet violating commun standards  
good to hide in n light  
Her I am look physical and innocent  
to fire:  
trench over pjs or the like  
my eys half shut with it  
reeling in their extraord hoses  
through puddles

thought I saw it  
unto bursting ye tnothing could happen to such a thing  
after fire ritual  
I thought I sw it

noit fit for anything except perhaps  
clubbing midgets

idea of eclipse is it's hard to see  
newspaper:look in x sky--how good clear info turns  
to mush

scientifically why doesn't it just point to  
moon